



HOLY MOTHER REVEALS AT JWALAMUKHI*

Swami Nityatmananda

In 1948-49 when I was laid up in bed for six or seven months due to several serious ailments at Hoshiarpur in Sardar Harbans Singh's house at Chhaoni, the Holy Mother, for the first time, appeared before me and very affectionately consoled me and saved my life. It was in March of 1949, the Holy Mother so graciously and unexpectedly appeared before me at Jwalamukhi Shiva Temple in the form of a widow Bengali lady of about 67/68. As I was passing by the Shiva Temple to attend the evening *aratrik* of Jwalaji, it was the Holy Mother in the form of that lady who so affectionately insisted on my visiting with her the Shiva inside the Shiva Temple and then go to the *arati*. She, with a bright brass basket in her left hand, full of all *pooja* things, such as beautiful scented rose, sandal paste – both white and red – *durva* (grass) and rice, insisted, "Baba, first Shiva has to be seen with Durga, His *Shakti*". I accosted her, "Who are you in Bengali lady's dress in spotless white sari? Where do you

* Herein we reproduce one of the innumerable living spiritual experiences of Swami Nityatmananda ji in his own words.

stay?" "Why? in this Shiva Temple, Baba", she replied, "come inside." I further asked, "Where from do you get your meals?" She said, "The *pandas* give me." My third question was, "Where is your home?" "Why? Near the birth-place of your Thakur," was her reply, "I have my children at Kashi also and I visit this place occasionally."

The *arati* time was passing on. I darted forth towards the Jwalaji Temple. But she implored me affectionately, "Baba, come inside. See Shiva and Parvati together, and then go and see *arati*." My companion sannyasi and Sardar Harbans Singh affectionately brought me to task asking when *Maaji* is insisting why not you see the inside of the Shiva Temple with her. I agreed.

Then she opened the lock of the Temple with the key which was tied on the corner of her sari flowing over her left shoulders like a Bengali lady.

As I entered accompanied by the Udasi Sannyasi, Saraswati Dasji, lo! to my great surprise I found an altar 2 feet high, about 12 feet long and 8 feet broad. Upon this was a milk-white bed on a freshly varnished white *newar* cot. The lady pointed at the bed and said, "Here I sleep on it." Then she led me to a raised round platform 6 feet

distant from the altar, about 4 feet high. Upon it was the *Shiva-linga*, half-a-foot high, besmeared with red sandal paste and surrounded by a heap of fresh red scented roses. It was an inspiring sight. I wondered wherefrom these fresh flowers came. Usually these are not seen in these hills. By the side of the *Shiva-linga* to the south was a hole. Then she stroke a match stick and put it in the mouth of the hole. A fire came from it just like the Jwalaji fire. She told, "Baba, this is Durga and this is Shiva. Shakti and Shiva are to be seen together". I left her and went to the Jwalaji Temple and saw the *aratrik*.

My body was sick and very weak. So, Sardarji hurried me to our *dharmashala*. Sardarji was instructed by doctors to bring me back to Hoshiarpur the same evening because Jwalaji was also a terrible malarial place. If I was attacked again by malaria then my life would be in danger. All the time Sardarji was remembering this. But we could not return, because I insisted vehemently that without the entire *Chandipath* the next morning, I shall not return even if I die here.

Early next morning, before my companions rose, I went out in search of water. Though I did not take my bath in those days in cold water, I found

a small spring-like place, water was oozing. Thinking that my companions would object to my bathing in this cold water, I stealthily washed my body sprinkling a little water on my head. Then I went to the Temple alone, sat on the round platform and chanted the entire Chandi, the Saptasati. It took about a quarter-to-two hours.

By the time my companions all came and sat behind me and many bhaktas were sitting and listening to the chanting. Flowers, sweets and money were also thrown on the platform by the bhaktas.

As soon as I finished, I rose without looking around and went straight into the Mother's Temple and prostrated there and forthwith returned to the *dharmashala*.

Immediately after we started in our car for Hoshiarpur. When we were 10 miles away, the sadhu companion suddenly told me, "Swamiji, all these six months of your great suffering you had been always crying as Ma, Ma, Brahmamayee. Now it is fulfilled." I meant thereby because I saw Jwalaji, so he said so. I replied, "Why, you all have also seen Mother Jwalaji. What is the speciality?" Then like a luminous bomb came the words from the mouth of the sadhu, "No, no, that

is the Mother who took you so lovingly inside the Shiva Temple. It is that Mother for whom you were crying for these last six months."

I could see the Divine drama and wanted to go back to the Temple. But Sardarji forcefully drove the car himself and brought me down to Hoshiarpur.

The sadhu said further, "That lady was the Divine Mother in the form of Holy Mother." Then he recounted his own story. He was Guru Nanak's bhakta.

He told that once he felt a maddening urge within him to feed Sri Guru Nanak with his own hands. In several Gurudwaras he offered *karah prasad*, but his mind was not satisfied. Once he went to Sultanpur Sahib and visited the Gurudwara, the spot where Guru Nanak distributed *ata*, *dal* and *ghee* to all the sadhus who would come to the shop of his brother-in-law, where he was a boy-assistant. The brother-in-law rebuked him, "How can you thrive in business if you do this?" This boy-assistant replied, "Why? You have started the shop for benefit and profit. This will give you the greatest and eternal benefit by distributing these foodstuffs to the sadhus." Now that shop-place is a Gurudwara. The sadhu

offered a full *thali* of *karah prasad* to Guru Nanak. He came down with the *prasad* in the courtyard. Then, as usual, urchins surrounded him, when he was distributing the *prasad* to them. He noticed one boy, aged twelve, very good looking and attractive, stretching his hand again and again from different sides from the crowd. And every time he offered him the *prasad*. In this way, about a dozen times that lovely child ate the sadhus's offering. Even there at heart he felt some sort of unknown attraction towards the boy. As he left the Gurudwara and came to his own place, his mind was full of joy and bliss and that boy's face was appearing before him all the time. So, he concluded, it was certainly Guru Nanak, otherwise, why his heart had been filled with such joy. There were about a hundred urchins. But he noticed none of them, though they complained about that Beautiful Boy taking *prasad* repeatedly.

He again reminded me in the car, it was certainly the Holy Mother for whom you were crying all these months.

The story behind is this : I had been visiting Hoshiarpur for the last ten years and had been praying to Mother all these years: Mother Jwalaji, take me to your place; and if you ever fulfil my desire, take me to your place like a son welcomed

by his mother, and not like a tourist. But every time I tried to go to Jwalaji some or other hurdle would come, and I could not visit Jwalaji. In the year 1948, I suffered from great illness, and was all the time crying out, Ma Brahmamayee, Ma Brahmamayee. Even when I was convalescing and was unable to walk about in the room, I felt an extraordinary urge in me to visit Mother Jwalamukhi by all means. Sardar Harbans Singh would not agree because of my suffering. But later Sardarji had to submit and make the arrangements – he himself accompanied me with his Manager and the Mahant of his Ashram and Udasi Sannyasi, in the car. Like the bioscopic picture, all the thoughts were rushing in my mind of the last ten years and specially yesterday's Jwalaji temple's fresh and inspiring incident. I was wondering why I was not given the understanding to see that it was Mother herself in the Temple. And my regret was profound.

Two days later was the birthday of Swami Vivekananda. Bhaktas* celebrated the birthday in the *kutia* of Swami Girishananda, my gurubhai, who stayed at Hoshiarpur like an ideal sadhu for about 40 years. The next night I was taken to

* Including the D.S.P. Mr. Kapoor & his devoted wife.

that *kutia* from Chhaoni, the Sardarji's place, my residence. I broke my pent-up feeling to Girishanandaji and related to him the whole story of this lady – Holy Mother's episode. There was no sleep for both of us the whole night. But Girishanandaji was telling me, "You are a very intelligent man. Could you not understand from the questions and answers with the lady at Jwalamukhi that it was our Holy Mother?" (Girishanandaji was a disciple of the Holy Mother). I replied, "What intelligence can do when Mother clouds the understanding? Who is there to kindle it up except Her?" So it was my good luck and at the same time bad luck. Good luck that Mother fulfilled my long prayer for years together to receive me like a son at Jwalamukhi and she did it. And my bad luck that I could not, on the spot, understand that it was the Holy Mother. Why it was so? Girishanandaji replied, "Maybe that our body and mind are not yet fit to contain that mighty luminosity, i.e. Mother's real *swarup*."

About four month's after, when I returned to my Rishikesh *kutir*, and therefrom I visited Kishanpur Ramakrishna Ashram, I met there Swami Jagadananda, another elderly disciple of the Holy Mother, a learned and real sadhu. In the course of our conversation, I mentioned this

Jwalamukhi incident to him. In boy like joyful excitement he answered, "Oh! could you not understand from the answers? Our Mother is the Mother of the Universe and she is Jwalamukhi and *pandas* feed her and her late human body came also from Jairambati which is only 3 miles from Kamarpukur, Thakur's birthplace. Could you not understand that it was some divine drama; otherwise, how was it possible for a lady to stay inside the *Shiva Mandir* and on the altar in that milk-white bed?"

To my foolishness I replied, "All my understanding was robbed by Mother Divine at that time. How could I revive it at that time?"

Another six months rolled on. I returned to Hoshiarpur. From there I went to Kapurthala to see Swami Ambikananda (Nirod Maharaj), the only person now who had the touch of Thakur's hand on his head, being the child of Nabagopal Ghosh, Thakur's disciple, at the age of three. He was a senior swami and respected by all and loved by Thakur's direct disciples. He was staying there then like a holy beggar. In the course of our conversation, again that Jwalamukhi incident I recited. From his *kutia* the Jwalamukhi hills are visible and I narrated my Jwalamukhi experiences.

He began to weep hearing these and was sobbing, telling, "Brother, see how Mother is always with us, though she did not reveal her identity to you but instilled in you the faith that she was with you and with all her children." Then he recited his own experiences.

He said, "Ten years before when I came here first, I was in great mental agony, because I never lived such a life of holy beggar before. So, one day I returned with my *madhukari bhiksha* to my *kutia* here in Brahmakund. Then I was bathing by the well-side with my *kaupin* on. Suddenly, a tall dusky lady with sunken cheeks and eyes in Punjabi dress of *Salwar Kamiz* suddenly appeared from the eastern fields and asked me to pour water on her hands because she was thirsty, and I poured a bucketful of water on her big and long palms. She drank and drank, and then suddenly looking at me with a meaningful eye, walked towards the western fields. In two minutes some suspicions came to my mind. Who was that uncommon woman who drank the bucketful of water? Immediately I ran to the western fields. To my surprise I found no one there. I returned, finished my bath, was taking my *bhiksha*, but all the while it was at the back of my mind, who was that woman." Since he was an extraordinary

Tantric scholar, expert also in all sorts of Tantric *poojas*, he recited the description of Dasamahavidya, along with that the description of Dhumabati, and he lamented that it was Mother Jwalaji who came here and is worshipped as the incarnation of Dhumabati. Saying this he again began to weep like a child, I remained mum.

Then he consoled himself saying, "Because our body and mind are not pure and strong enough to contain her in our mind, so she came in human form and not in her divine form. Yet we are lucky enough."

The Jwalamukhi lady was none other than the Holy Mother, who left her mortal coil in 1920, and who was the guiding angel of the Ramakrishna movement, whom we all saw and who was known in the world as the spiritual consort of Bhagwan Sri Ramakrishna, God-incarnate.

The above incidents fulfil Her eternal promise to her children as the Mother of the Universe that : "Verily, verily, I swear unto you, I am always with you, my children," and repeated again in Her latest benign form as the Holy Mother, the other day.

